

THE RURAL



REPOSITORY.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

Therese.

BY J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

IT was a situation for an artist. Therese on the one hand, with a neck and face of scarlet, her brow elevated, and her eye flashing with astonishment and indignation; Count Theodore on the other, the picture of disappointment and humiliation, blended with a slight expression of anger—and all about a kiss, when the Lady Julie herself would have given one to the Count.

But the maid, if not as noble as her mistress, was a thousand times more reserved. She was a thousand times more interesting too. Her forehead was beautiful; Lavater would have etched it for the outline, express of dignity, intellectuality, delicacy. The rest of her features corresponded with it, and combined to form a countenance where extraordinary force of character was conspicuous; yet all was exquisitely feminine. It was not a face to be met with every day, or in every city. And what kind of a figure should one expect to find in company with such a face? It should have height, fullness, tenuity, proportion, should it not? It had. Nothing exceeding, or coming short. Nor would one be surprised if grace and stateliness, in carriage and in gait, were the attributes of such a figure. In fact, sitting, standing, or walking, one would never have inferred Therese's occupation from Therese; and every one, especially Count Theodore, wondered how she became the maid of the Lady Julie—though countesses have sometimes very lady-like maids.

The first time the Count saw Therese, she was assisting the Lady Julie to adjust some ornaments for a head dress, which the countess intended to wear at a ball, and he took her for some noble friend of her ladyship's—a mistake which the fair scion of an illustrious stock corrected with more zeal than complacency. The Lady Julie could not brook the affront which nature sometimes puts on letters patent of nobility, by giving the attributes of rank to those who have no

business with the title. The count spoke no more of Therese, but his thoughts did not run the less upon her.—If, formerly, like other admirers of the countess, he visited her dressing room once or twice a week, now he was a constant attendant of it. 'Twas astonishing how rapidly he became initiated into the mysteries of the toilet. It was like a thing of intuition? Pin, comb, ornament—whatever it was—was ready for the hand of the fair officiating priestess, and, on the instant that it was wanted, placed there; or, if dropped, picked up and presented to her with that alert and watchful service which one may have for love, but never can purchase for money.

There are scholars, however, who, if they improve in one thing, are sure to go back in another, and such a one w^s the count. If he had all his thoughts about him at the countess's toilet, they seemed to desert him the moment its duties were over: he was then the dullest man alive. 'Twas surprising, too, how absent he became all at once. Not a day but he left his hat or his gloves, or his cane, or something or another in her ladyship's dressing room, and had to step back for it. On such occasions he would accost Therese with all the deference that he would pay to her mistress, and request her to look for such or such a thing; acknowledging her compliance with a bow and a respectful pressure of the hand. He had now forgotten his gloves, and Therese tried in vain to find them. 'Perhaps,' she said, 'she had removed them with some of the countess's things into an adjoining room,' and thither she was going to search for them; but the count could not think of giving her such trouble, and caught her by the arm—not because it was round, and soft, and silky, as an arm of fair flesh and of the Medician mould would be—but to prevent her; yet when he did prevent her, still he did not relax his hold, though she gently tried to disengage herself. 'My lord, let me go,' said Therese, 'your lordship is in want of your gloves.' The count's eyes might have told her that he cared not a farthing for his gloves. 'Therese!' said he, 'sweet

Therese!' and caught her by the other arm. She was on the point of remonstrating, when her lips were stopped by the pressure of the count's! The freedom was resented as soon as taken. In one and the same moment she released herself, and flung the young nobleman from her.

Now the Lady Julie had rather more than the ordinary penetration of her sex. She remarked that the count had not conceived half so strong a passion for her piano forte or her work table, as for her toilet. This induced her to consider what appendage of the latter could constitute its superior attraction; and that busy body, Memory, reminded her of the expressive countenance, the well-formed neck and beautiful arms, with their graceful and varied movements, which her tell-tale mirror represented to her every morning officiating behind her chair; and she came very speedily to the conclusion, that it was at least a doubtful matter, whether the pleasure which the count took in frequenting her dressing room arose chiefly from solicitude about herself, or from anxiety to assist her attendant. She had a sufficient share of art too. She knew that the way to see every thing was to affect to see nothing. She was as frank and unconcerned as possible: and although her watchful mirror gave her frequent note of occasional slight collisions and entanglements between the count's fingers and those of Therese, as he would assist her in placing an artificial flower, or adjusting the set of a curl; yet she never allowed herself to betray it, but chatted on with him with her accustomed sprightliness and complacency. In short, repeated observation convinced her that she was indebted to her attendant for the increased interest which the count took of late, in her toilet. No wonder then, if his fits of absence struck her, and if she suspected that he taxed the remissness of his memory more severely than it merited. Was it not an excuse to return to her dressing room, where of course he would find Therese alone, who remained there to arrange her ornaments and apparel? She resolved to satisfy herself on this point

the very next opportunity, and that opportunity was the present one. The count, I said, had forgotten his gloves for the twentieth time, and must return for them. She allowed a minute or two to elapse, followed him, and found him and Therese in the situation I have described. ‘What is the matter?’ inquired she, in an imperative and rather angry tone, leaving optional for the count or Therese to answer. ‘Nothing,’ replied the former, extremely confused; ‘only I have taxed Therese with having mislaid my gloves, and, behold! here they are in my pocket!’ The lady looked at the count, whose face and manner ill supported the veracity of what he had asserted, and then turned towards Therese, in whose demeanor there was not the slightest change—except that the mantling of her cheek and neck had somewhat subsided. There is a power in native dignity which even transcends the influence of mere human distinctions. Men may class men as they please; the classification of nature will still be the predominant one—that whose claim shall be *felt*, whether it be acknowledged or not; to the weight of which no pride of stately lineage, no title, whether by inheritance or gift, can oppose an equivalent counterpoise. The self esteem of the countess bowed before the presence of her offended maid. She glanced at the count, and saw that the proudest young nobleman in France was in the same predicament as herself. He looked as though he had forgotten that he had been born to a title. ‘Come count,’ said she, making an attempt to recover herself, ‘the carriage waits;’ and Therese was left alone.

The count was the favored admirer of the Lady Julie—not because he was the handsomest and most accomplished young man in Paris, but on account of his rank, in which he had no competitor; and though he had not yet proposed for her in form, yet was he generally looked upon as the intended of the noble fair one. Daily for the last two months, and more, had she expected the *question*: still it never came, and now it seemed farther off than ever. It was clear that his allegiance to her had been shaken. Sitting before her mirror, the countess beheld nothing but its lovely mistress, until something peculiar in the tone of the count’s voice, when he occasionally addressed an observation to Therese, struck her, and directed her attention towards the latter. She now began to draw comparisons, and the result startled her. She saw that the countenance of her maid infinitely excelled her own in that most touching of all things—expression. She examined it feature by feature, and was disconcerted at finding that where she searched for a fault she invariably lit upon a perfection. From the face, she passed to the neck and arms of her attendant: she could not correct

their symmetry by that of her own—she would have given her own in exchange for them. Therese was in the act of searching in a ribbon which bound up her hair, for a pin which she had temporarily stuck in it: the countess marked the rich swell of the graceful limb as it was affected by the motion; she impulsively placed her own in the same attitude—dropped it again—and encountering her own eyes in the mirror, beheld herself the very image of mortification and spleen. Subsequent observation, as we stated, convinced her that the count had anticipated her in appreciating the attractions of her maid; and now, the incident of the morning had set it beyond a doubt, that the countess had a rival where least of all she expected to find one.

Few sentences were interchanged between her and the count during their ride; in the course of which they descended from the chariot to walk for a time in the royal gardens—which one of the numerous admirers of the lady entered with them. This gentleman’s arm the countess took, dropping the count’s with a slight excuse that she wanted to speak with his rival, and walked with him the greater part of the time alone; yet the count neither looked hurt nor sad, but bowed with the greatest sauity when the other took his leave, and smilingly offered his arm to the countess again. He would not have borne a slight so patiently a couple of months ago. The interest which he took in her was evidently on the decline; and to Therese she was indebted for its waning. Therese must quit her service; but what excuse could she make for dismissing her?—She would consider.

She was right. The count had indeed conceived an ardent passion for Therese. The countess he had never truly loved. She was the reigning beauty of Paris, and he, of course became one of her train. His rank made him the most eligible of all her admirers for the honor of her hand, and hence, as I remarked, the preference with which she regarded him—for the ruling passion of the countess’s breast was ambition. The count’s vanity was flattered, and more than once or twice, he was on the point of soliciting her to accept him: but a doubt as to the real state of her affections, as well as a want of confidence in the nature of his own feelings, still withheld him from taking the final step. Such was the errand he came upon, the day he first saw Therese; but this time it was the appearance of the fair stranger—whose dependant situation near his mistress was the last thing he could have divined—that prevented him from executing it. He went home that evening earlier than usual, and throwing himself into a chair to debate the important question—*to marry or not to marry?*—was surprised at

finding that he could think of nothing but the countenance and figure of Therese. Do what he would, she was still before him. ‘Were the countess like Therese,’ exclaimed the count to himself, ‘I would decide in a moment!’ and from that moment the question was decided. The countess never could be his!

One or two incidents also convinced him that he had made no impression upon her heart; nay the officious kindness of one of those numerous individuals who busy themselves about every one’s affairs but their own, had let him into the secret that her heart was in the possession of another, whom she had slighted upon the prospect of a more illustrious alliance. Still he frequented the countess’s toilet; but now it was for the sake of Therese; the exquisite grace of whose every movement increased the impression which the first sight of her had made upon him. The varied expression of her countenance, beaming with intelligence such as he had never remarked in a female face before; the modesty, the blandness that sat in it; the tone of her voice, whose sweetness sent a thrill through him whenever she spoke; her form, the symmetry of whose rich mould seemed to acquire enhancement from examination; all convinced him that she was a being calculated to constitute the felicity of the man who should possess her; and he sighed to become that man.—But did the count hitherto ever dream of marrying Therese?—No. The count was a man of honor, but a man of warm affections; and it is frequently the fatality of such men to yield to strong excitement, and to allow the growth of wishes, the means of gratifying which they never take into consideration, till the ascendancy of passion has become almost too powerful for resistance.

That day the count declined dining with the Lady Julie. She had a party, and the idea of company was insupportable to him. He promised, however, to look in, during the course of the evening, as there was to be a ball, and his presence could not on any account be dispensed with. No sooner had the count taken his leave, than he felt like a man who, from bondage is suddenly restored to liberty. He wished for solitude; he hurried out of Paris, and in the course of a couple of hours found himself in his chateau; which, as the season was winter, he had left in the keeping of one or two domestics. He was now alone—free from the chance of interruption, and at leisure to indulge in his meditations, of which Therese was the theme. Twas clear that with Therese there was no chance of success for a dishonorable passion, and his own soul revolted at the thought of entertaining one. She had a heart that could be touched—should it not have been already so—but it was fortified all round with mind

and principle. What was to be done? He had but one of two alternatives—to give her up, or to offer her his hand. ‘The latter was impossible!’ and when he turned to the former, ‘that was impossible too!’ He passed from chamber to chamber in a state of indescribable perplexity and indecision, and he was now in the banqueting room. ‘Twas a glorious apartment! He walked with a stately pace to the end of it, turned round, and folding his arms as he drew himself up, surveyed the painted and richly carved and gilded ceiling; the massive marble columns that supported it; the sides that were lined with broad and lofty mirrors; the doors, of the costliest wood, inlaid with gold; and the furniture, corresponding in elegance and magnificence! His soul felt a movement of pride; ‘twas but momentary—Therese stood before him, and she looked more stately than that stately room! Hurried was the step with which he paced it back again, and impatient the movement with which he flung open the portal as he went out of it.

The banqueting room opened upon the gallery of paintings. There were his ancestors, male and female, for twenty generations. One of the latter had been ennobled for her beauty; which was so uncommon that it made an impression upon the heart of Count Reginald, fifth of the line, who raised the fair one to his bed, though descended of a Plebeian stock. This portrait Count Theodore was always fond of contemplating, it was so beautiful; and now he drew a chair and sat before it. It had lost its effect upon him! In a minute, though his eyes were fixed upon the canvass, he was poring upon the features of Therese! She was fairer than Count Reginald’s wife! His eye fell upon a table that stood within his reach; the book of the family tree was lying on it: he took it, and opened it. There was Count Reginald, with half a score of titles; and, opposite to him, ‘Therese l’Estrange,’ without a single one. The fairest female in his line was not mistress of a drop of noble blood! Strange thoughts passed through Count Theodore’s mind, as he replaced the book of the family tree, and rose from the chair. The next portrait caught his eye: it was that of the sixth Count Reginald, the son of Therese l’Estrange by her lord—the bravest, the most generous and accomplished of the count’s ancestors.—His face was his mother’s, save that the lineaments were stamped with the richest impress of manhood. Count Theodore smiled at the stately attitudes in which some of his more immediate ancestors were drawn, as, walking out of the gallery, he turned his back upon them, pronouncing twice or thrice, the name of Therese l’Estrange. ‘And why,’ said he, as he descended the spacious staircase, ‘why should not another Therese be grafted on the family tree?’

The count entered his study; he took up a book: ‘twas the biography of great and eminent men.—He carelessly turned over the leaves without any intention of reading it. ‘The Duke de ——’ caught his eye. The Duke’s father had been a simple mercer in an obscure village in the province of Normandy; and the son, by his talents, courage, and virtues, had raised himself to the highest rank of nobility. His descendant, in the third generation, was now the most dissolute character in Paris! ‘So,’ said Count Theodore ‘the ancestor of the Duke de —— was indebted to his virtues for his nobility: that found him a plebeian, and they made him a duke. A pity that with his title, he could not have transmitted to his posterity the worth that was the cause of his obtaining it?’

The count took up his hat, went out, and wandered into his grounds; and presently found himself in the neighborhood of the village chapel.—He was close to the burying ground, where stood the mausoleum of his ancestors. Opening a wicket, he approached it, and read over the names of the silent inmates. The lofty and ample chateau, with its spiral turrets, lay full in sight; he leaned against the last home of his forefathers, and gazed upon the gorgeous mansion. Nineteen of its successive lords were narrowly housed within the building, whose monumental wall was supporting him. He felt as if every thing was unstable—as if there was nothing which he had a hold of—as if the solid earth he stood upon was about to vanish from beneath his feet. The idea of the one Great Cause came strong upon him, and he felt an awe at the thought of the infinitude of the wisdom and goodness of that Cause. And the final day occurred to him; and he imagined Therese floating up as a bright emanation of that Cause returning unpolluted to its source. His soul was humbled and soothed. He looked at the chateau: he thought that virtue was statelier, more lofty, and more spacious.—A second Therese might be grafted on the family tree!

He returned back to Paris, and dressed for the evening. ‘Twas late when he entered the ball-room. A set of dancers had just concluded, and the company were in groups—some walking, some sitting, and some standing. In one of the latter he observed the Duke de B——, the Marquis R——, and three or four other noblemen. They were stationed at the entrance of the apartment. ‘Certainly the finest woman in the room!’ exclaimed the Marquis R——. ‘Beyond comparison,’ added the Duke de B——. ‘That air of ease and grace—which indeed are things inseparable—at least the former from the latter—is the result of the most admirable proportion!—You have the oval in her face as exact as a mathematician could define it! Her waist is the circle: I would defy the

compass to correct it! But take the entire figure its outline—how richly and flowing it undulates! There is a woman in every curve of it. If she is the countess’s attendant, why then Nature has modelled a princess, and left the attire of her to Fortune, who, in her blindness, has put a vassel’s drapery upon her.’ The duke was a virtuoso in the arts. It was his only merit. He was esteemed the best judge of sculpture in Paris, and the works of the finest masters waited for his decision before the standard of their merit could be fixed. On this occasion, however, the count perceived, from the looks of the duke’s auditors, that their acquiescence in the propriety of his remarks arose less from deference to the duke, than from their own conviction; nor was he astonished at the independence of their judgment, when, following the direction of their eyes, he saw Therese in the act of listening to some instructions which her lady was giving her. She was attired for the occasion, and seemed another and a fairer Therese. He was struck by a sudden stillness in the room: he looked around him: the groups of walkers had stopped; such of the company as had been sitting had left their places, and approached the middle of the room. Admiration and wonder were painted in every face; every eye was riveted upon Therese. He felt a movement of jealousy at the influence of her beauty. He instinctively turned towards the party which he had encountered upon entering. He saw the duke in the same attitude of rapt contemplation. A sickness came over the count’s heart as he marked the earnest gaze of the libertine. He felt a want of free air and quitted the room.

The count descended into the garden, in which a temporary building had been erected, where the company were to sup. The garden was intersected with walks, down one of which, narrow and thickly shaded, the count accidentally turned. An arbor was at the end of it, upon the seat of which he threw himself. And now he revolved a question which had never occurred to him before—‘Was Therese to be won? Was her heart free? And, if it was, could he excite an interest in it?’—for something assured him that without engaging her affections, ‘twas idle to hope for the possession of such a woman as Therese. ‘She would spurn his title and possessions, as she had spurned their owner! That act of indiscretion, too! What would he not give that he never had committed it! It might have awakened in a mind, so constituted as hers, a feeling of offended pride which would be proof against all offers of atonement!’

He had mused about a quarter of an hour, when his meditations were interrupted by a scuffling at the entrance of the walk. The sound approached: it was that of a person

trying to drag another along, who was powerfully but ineffectually resisting. The count started up at the voice of the duke!

'Resist not,' said the latter, in a suppressed key; 'resist not, but accompany me, and I swear to release you in a moment: I merely want to speak to you free from observation.'

The count was astonished at the silence of the person whom the duke addressed, and who neither remonstrated nor called for assistance, though still continuing to struggle. The walk was what is called a dark one, but it derived from the more open part of the garden, which was partially illuminated, sufficient light to discern the figure of any one who might approach—after passing a certain angle. Beyond this point the duke and the person who unwillingly accompanied him had now arrived. The figure of the latter was that of Therese! and from the attitude of the duke, it was evident that, while with one arm he was forcing her along, with the other he held something to her mouth, to prevent her from speaking.—'Now you are free!' exclaimed the duke, releasing Therese, and at the same time placing himself between her and the entrance of the walk; 'now you are free! but you depart not till you have heard me. Leave this house to-night; my palace receives you, and my fortune is at your disposal!'

The count listened for her reply—Therese returned none. He saw her wavering—he heard a convulsive sob—in a bound he reached her, and caught her as she was falling back in a swoon.

'Villain! who are you?' vociferated the duke.

'The foe of a villain!' was the count's retort. 'Three miles from the barrier of St. Dennis, to-morrow, an hour after sunrise!'

'I understand you, count,' replied the other; 'both time and place will suit. I shall be punctual!' and the count was left alone, supporting Therese.

What was to be done? To carry Therese into the house was to discover the adventure. She had swooned, and there was no restorative at hand. He heard the trickling play of a fountain. He durst not carry her to it, as it was situated in the open part of the garden, in the principal walk, where the domestics of the countess were passing to and fro. The idea of the arbor struck him; he carried her into it, and laid her upon the seat. A minute, and he was in the room where the refreshments were already spread; another, and he was at her side again, with a vessel which he had filled with water. He set it down, and gently raising the insensible girl, and supporting her head upon his breast, he sprinkled her face and chafed her temples until a faint sigh or two gave signs of returning animation.

'Let me go!' feebly articulated Therese,

when she came sufficiently to herself to speak, at the same time making an effort to remove the encircling arm of the count. 'Let me go, if you are a man!'

'Therese,' said the count, softly, 'tis I. The villain who just now treated you with violence is not here. I happened fortunately to be at hand to render you assistance, and caught you when you fainted. Be satisfied; I shall remove my arm as soon as you are able to dispense with its support.'

'I am able now,' articulated Therese with an effort—half raising her head, but immediately dropping it again on the count's shoulder.

'You are too weak yet,' said the count. 'Remain where you are, and rely upon my honor, Therese! I shall discontinue my assistance the moment it becomes unnecessary.'

'Therese,' resumed the count, 'this morning I offended you; I shall never—never presume to do so again. For a quarter of an hour you have lain insensible on my breast; your lips have been within an inch of mine; I could have pressed them without your resisting me; but I would not—I durst not—for I respect you, Therese. Do you forgive me for what passed in the morning?'

'I do,' replied Therese. The count gently pressed the form that was reclining upon him.—'I am better, my lord,' said the maid, 'I think I can now sit up.'

'There,' said the count, 'you are free! He half relaxed his clasp; she withdrew herself from it—sat up—rose from the seat—attempted to walk a few paces, and staggered. The count's arm encircled her waist again, and her hand, which she extended for assistance, was firmly locked in his. 'You are still too weak,' said he, 'return and sit down for a few minutes longer, and you will be perfectly restored.' He drew her back, unresisting, into the arbor.

'I can support myself, my lord,' said Therese as they sat down. He released her hand and waist.

'Would you rather that gentleman were here?' asked the count.

'I know not whom you mean, my lord,' was her reply.

'The gentleman who dragged you hither,' rejoined the count. 'He seems to have conceived a passion for you. He offered you his palace and the command of his fortune, which is ample—would you accept them?'

'No!' said Therese.

'Not if he offered you his hand?'

'No!' reiterated the maid.

'Not if he were a duke?'

'Not if he were a king, my lord!' emphatically exclaimed Therese.

'Surpassing girl!' cried the count, 'would you take me if I offered you my fortune and my hand?' Therese made no reply. Both

sat silent for a space. 'Therese,' said the count, 'did you ever love?' Not a word said the maid. 'If your heart is free—if you have never bestowed it upon another, and I shall ask you to make a gift of it to me as an honorable lover—as a husband, Therese!—should I stand any chance of obtaining it?' Therese was silent still. 'Therese!' breathed the count, passing his arm stealthily round her waist, and gently drawing her towards him, 'I love you! Give me an answer to my question—could you return my love? Look! I am at your feet! will you be mine?'

'Therese! Therese!' cried half a dozen voices together in the garden. She started up and broke from the count—not, however, before he had imprinted a kiss upon her hand—and with a swift though unsteady step glided out of the walk. The count and the duke met the next morning, when a flesh wound which the latter received in the breast, put an end to the affair.

The news of the duel soon spread over Paris, and in a day or two the cause of it also transpired; not through the ineptitude of either of the principals—each of whom had cogent reasons for keeping the adventure which led to their encounter a secret—but through the laudable curiosity of one of the countess's attendants.

The day succeeding the ball, the place of Therese—who, from the agitation of the preceding evening, was so much indisposed as to be unable to rise till the afternoon—was filled, though not supplied, by another.

'A duel between the count and the duke!' exclaimed the countess.

'Ay, madam,' rejoined the attendant, 'and that is only half the wonder, and not the least wonderful half.'

The curiosity of the countess was excited, and the communicativeness of her maid required little to stimulate it. She had caught a glimpse of the duke following Therese, as the latter quitted the saloon, charged with some instructions to the superintendents of the supper room, she descended after them into the garden, saw the duke overtake her, accost her, and endeavor to draw her into the walk, and, on her refusing to accompany him forcibly seize her and half carry her into it—applying his handkerchief to her mouth to prevent her from speaking: she had followed them into the walk, screening herself behind the trees, and had been an eye and ear witness of all that had taken place, from Therese's fainting in the arms of the count till her precipitate retreat from the arbor. Not a circumstance was omitted. If the adventure gained nothing in the relation, at least it was not a loser by it.

The countess spoke not a word till her attendant had concluded, nor for sometime after; then throwing back her ringlets, and

looking the latter full in the face—‘The count offers marriage to Therese!’ she exclaimed; ‘I must be satisfied of the truth of it from her own lips?’

Therese started up in the bed, when she saw the countess enter her chamber. ‘Lie down Therese,’ said the latter, casting a discontented glance at the half-exposed neck of the disconcerted maid, ‘lie down, and tell me truly what passed between you and the count last evening in the garden.’ For Therese to tell any thing was to tell the truth: she corroborated the communication of her substitute in every particular. ‘Do you believe the count?—Do you love the count?—Would you marry the count?’ successively but fruitlessly interrogated the lady. Therese made no reply. ‘Vain and aspiring girl!’ continued the countess, ‘your silence proves your folly and credulity. But beware that your pride at the thought of enjoying the count’s love does not make you the dupe of his artifice. He is a profligate! You should rather have listened to the honest Duke de B——. Understand from him the only terms upon which a domestic may hope for an alliance with a nobleman!’ The countess was astonished at the imperturbable serenity with which Therese listened to her. ‘Confident girl!’ she added, ‘you despise my warning, and may abide the consequences of your presumption! But you are too high for your station! Your engagement with me expires in a fortnight. Apply to the count; perhaps he may help you to a better one. You are at liberty in a fortnight.’

‘Would I had discharged her this very day?’ cried the countess to her attendant, upon returning to the dressing-room; ‘and I should unquestionably have done so, had I but a fault to accuse her of.’ The latter part of this exclamation was delivered so emphatically, that the attendant looked inquisitively in the speaker’s face. The countess looked inquisitively at her attendant.

‘Well?’ said the lady. ‘Would you like to be furnished with one?’ inquired the maid.

‘Yes,’ after a look of conjecture and a pause, rejoined the countess, and abruptly left the room. She rode about Paris till dinner time. A hundred stops did her chariot make to receive the compliments of beaux, and interchange of civilities with belles—her guests of the preceding evening. She was all animation and volubility; she talked of a thousand things, but thought all the while of nothing but Therese and the count. She was engaged to a party in the evening. Upon going up to make her toilet, she saw the attendant who had officiated for Therese in the morning standing outside her dressing-room door. A look admonitory of caution, caused her to check her pace and tread more softly. There was a pause at the door—a

whisper—a gaze of satisfaction and inquiry—a whisper again, which was answered by a smile—though the brow of the person who gave that smile was any thing but an open one, and the countess, entering her apartment alone, found Therese up, and in readiness to wait upon her.

The countess’s toilet was soon made. Little pains did it cost at any time, under the active and tasteful hands of Therese; and now less than ever, for the lady sat passive and abstracted, as though she took not the smallest interest in the operation; but her face was flushed, and languor hung upon her features. She desired the bell to be rung; a page entered, and she asked for a glass of water. There were only her snow-shoes to be tied on; the attendant entered with them and proceeded to officiate for Therese, who was instantly dismissed. The countess cast a glance at her jewel-case which lay open upon the toilet, and then at the kneeling attendant. Her respiration became uneasy: the page re-entered with the glass of water; she drank it off eagerly, and exclaiming—‘Be quick!—precipitately left the room.

[Concluded in our next.]

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

Matanzas.

MATANZAS is situated on the North side of the Island of Cuba, nearly opposite the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, and twenty leagues to the Eastward of Havana; immediately between two rivers, the San Juan and Yumuri, at the bottom of a spacious bay. Its appearance forms a striking contrast to the noise and bustle, the close built streets, and crowded towers of the wall-encircled metropolis; like an Indian village on the sloping border of some peaceful lake, it is seen silently creeping over its easy ascent in scattered security. In the rear, the mighty Pan lifts its dark blue summit, in solitary majesty, above the rising ground which conceals its base from the view; and a deep, narrow chasm in the hill to the right, affords a channel to the river forming the Northern boundary to the city, while it discloses a partial glimpse of the beautiful valley of Yumuri.

Matanzas, or ‘the place of slaughter,’ derives its name from having been the scene of a horrid and fatal massacre of the peaceable and defenceless aborigines, about the year 1511—and tradition reports that when pursued by their blood-thirsty invaders, thousands of these inoffensive creatures, with an universal shriek of ‘*Yo Mori! Yo Mori!* I am killed, I am killed,’ in imitation of the Spanish, rushed headlong, in amazement, over the immense precipices overhanging the valley:—from whence originates its name.

Frequently during the night, (for there are

no gates to the city,) the Monteros, or countrymen, are heard, returning on horseback to their homes, singing some ballad or national song, in a tone peculiar to themselves, generally accompanied by the guitar; and as my window overlooked the bridge of Yumuri, the song and guitar have frequently drawn me to watch the rude musician as he passed, dressed in his check-shirt and pantaloons, the latter drawn tight over the hips, by which alone they are supported, his broad brimmed straw hat, and his long Machete, or straight sword at his side.

In Cuba, a well regulated Coffee Estate, is a perfect garden. One of moderate size, has from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand trees, producing, each, an average of about half a pound of cleaned grain. The trees, which are not allowed to exceed about five feet in height, are planted six feet apart, in rows intersecting each other transversely and obliquely, in squares of ten thousand. The squares are separated by broad alleys, lined either with lime-hedges, pine-apples, flowers, or fruit trees. The dwelling-house is generally placed at the bottom of the center avenue, which is always broader than the rest, and is sometimes planted with bamboos, or young palms, or mangoes, or other fruit trees of large size; and sometimes left to correspond with the other alleys. The negro houses from two-thirds of a rotunda, or three sides of an oblong square, immediately behind it; and the other buildings, the pasture grounds, &c. are behind these again. Thus, the house commands the entire prospect of the estate; and as the trees are regularly pruned, their round tops, (scarcely distinguishing the even rows in which they are planted,) present a wide extended field, perfectly level, to the eye, which, when in bloom, has the appearance of being sprinkled over with snow—forming an agreeable contrast to the red mahogany color of the soil, which is always kept quite clean. The tall, straight, slender palms, are sparingly scattered throughout, and their plump tops, waving in the wind, break the monotony of the view, and give it an air of enchantment truly delightful. Here and there, tufts of the feathery bamboo, with its long narrow leaves of light green, lend additional diversity; and patches of the broad leaved plantain, present the idea of towns of fairy windmills; while the tremendous cotton tree, with its large, smooth, silver-colored trunk, bulging out towards the center, heaves out, from its very top, its gigantic arms, and, towering over all, appears the genius of the scene.

He is rich, whose income is more than his expenses, and he is poor, whose expenses exceed his income.

MISCELLANY.**A Drunken Coachman.**

THE late Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf, and under the pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer, not by what was really said to him, but by what he desired to have said. Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man, by degrees, got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed.

My lord always answered, 'Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant.'

'I say,' replied the lady, 'that he is continually drunk, and I desire that he may be turned off.'

'Aye,' said his lordship, 'he has lived with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not separate us.'

John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde Park. She was not much hurt, but when she came home, she began to rattle the earl.

'Here,' said she, 'is that beast John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks.'

'Aye,' said my lord, 'is poor John sick?—Alas, I am sorry for him.'

'I am complaining,' said my lady, 'that he is drunk, and has overturned me.'

'Aye,' said his lordship, 'to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice.'

My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord, having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words:

'John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family: my lady tells me that you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice.'

John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reasons upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit, and he would rather have incurred as many more blisters than lose his place. My lord sent

very formally twice a day, to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said 'he was extremely glad to hear that the fever had left him,' and desired to see him.

When John came in, 'Well, John,' says he, 'I hope this bout is over.'

'Ah, my lord,' says John, 'I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again.'

'Aye, aye,' says my lord, 'you are right, nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps you should not complain, and I promise you shall have the same advice and the same attendance that you had now.'

'God bless your lordship,' says John, 'I hope there will be no need.'

'So do I too,' replied his lordship, 'but as long as you do your duty to me, never fear, I shall do mine to you.'

How to get rid of Rats.

A FRENCHMAN called at a public house in London one evening, and asked for a room; to which a servant conducted him and inquired what further would be his pleasure. 'Bring me, Sar, 'bout nine, ten o'clock, one, two, three, four egg, one cup coffee, one piece tose bread.' The servant did as directed, and begged to know what he would like for breakfast. 'You're very kind, Sar, in de morning bring me de same, 'bout nine, ten o'clock.' Accordingly in the morning he was waited upon as directed. Learning that he wished for his bill, being about to leave, the landlord called at his room, saying, 'Good morning, Sir—I hope you have been properly waited upon—I hope your coffee and toast was very good—I hope, Sir, you have slept well—here's your bill, Sir, two guineas.'

'Ah, Sar, I no sleep too mush, I no sleep tall, you great many rat in your house—da scrash, scrash, all de night,—be gar, I no sleep tall, Sar.' 'I am exceedingly sorry; I know we have some rats, we can't get rid of them, we've tried every thing.' 'You no get rid an rat, Sar! me can tell you how get rid an rat.' 'Can you? well, if you will clear my house of 'm I'll give you almost any sum of money.' 'Ha—me take de money! me no rat cathure, dat no my professhone, me no take de money, me tell you.' 'Well, if you will tell me, excuse me, I'll take nothing for your entertainment.' 'Dat, I will, Sar, do be zure.—De night, let your savan carry de rat, one, two, three, four egg, one cup coffee, one piece tose bread. In de morning come, let your savan do de same ting. Den you come,

say good morning Monsieur Rat, I hope you very well, Sar—I hope your coffee and tose was very good, Sar—I hope you sleep very well, Sar—here's your bill, two guinea. Be gar, Sar, I be dam, your rat leave your house, Sar, an' never come back, Sar.'

Anecdote of Gen. John Sullivan.

THE Portsmouth Journal is mistaken in representing this distinguished character as of Scotch descent. The father of John and James—the President of New Hampshire and the Governor of this Commonwealth—came to this country in 1723; from the Emerald Isle, where he and his wife were both born. Both the sons were educated also by the father. There is a good story told, on the best authority, of John's first debut as a lawyer, which illustrates the character of the man.

He went to Durham, N. H. accompanied by his brother James, who was younger, for the purpose of opening an office. The settlers there, chiefly Irish, were opposed to such an innovation. They wanted no lawyers at all at all. They soon gave John to understand as much, and indeed told him he must make off, in so many words. John thought of it awhile, consulted James, and finally made a deliberate proposal, to settle the matter by a personal combat between himself and his brother, on one side, and any two of the Irishmen they might select on the other; if the former whipped they should stay; or if otherwise, they should go. The challenge was accepted, and decided in favor of John and James; and never were two men more popular than they ever after.

Beautiful Contrast.

The following happy passage is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney:

MAN might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy and to steal with noiseless steps around the chamber of the sick; and woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to "wade through fields of slaughter to a throne." Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced and the fountain of earth's felicity broken up. We arrive, then, at the conclusion, that the sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations, by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the alpine flower lean its check on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory, are indeed

accessible only to the march of ambition, or to the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the "Great Taskmaster's eye;" and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the kingdom of Heaven.'

Love's Telegraph.

If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he be engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if he never intends to be married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on her first finger; if engaged, on her second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if she intends to die a maid.

When a gentleman presents a fan, a flower, or a trinket to a lady, with the left hand, it is on his part an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus, by a few simple tokens explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed, and through the medium of the telegraph, the most timid and diffident man may without difficulty, communicate his sentiments of regard for a lady, (and in case his offer should be refused) avoid experiencing the mortification of the explicit rejection.

DR FRANKLIN.—The leading property of Dr. Franklin's mind, great as it was—the faculty which made him remarkable, and set him apart from other men—the generator, in truth, of all his power—was good sense—only plain good sense, nothing more. He was not a man of genius; there was no brilliancy about him; little or no fervor; nothing like poetry or eloquence; and yet by the sole, untiring co-operation of this humble, unpretending quality of the mind, he came to do more in the world of science—more in council—more in the revolution of empires—uneducated, or self educated as he was—than five hundred might have done, each with more genius, more fervor, more eloquence and more brilliancy.

QUESTION BY A SOPHIST.—Over a certain river there is a bridge, and at one end of the bridge a gallows, and at the other a house of judicature, with four judges who pass the following law: Whoever passes over the bridge must first take an oath, and swear where he is going and what is his business. If he swear the truth he shall go free, but if he swear falsely he shall be hanged upon the gallows. Now a certain man taking the oath, swore that he was going to be hanged on the gallows, and that was his business and no

other. Now said the judges if we let this man go free he swears a lie, and by the law he ought to be hanged, while if we hang him he swears the truth, and by the same law he ought to go free. How shall they proceed with this man according to this law, or what will be a just verdict?

MACKLIN, going to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would please to have his name entered: "Entered?" replied Macklin, "why I am only plain Charles Macklin, a vagabond by Act of Parliament: but, in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, esquire, as they are now synonymous terms."

'GO IT JERRY!'—A horse, with saddle and bridle, was recently found without a rider wandering near a country tavern in Ohio; search having been made, the gentleman owner, very essentially drunk, was found mounted astride on a wall 'kicking and spurring most furiously,' cursing his supposed pony for not moving forward. Having become a little sobered, he discovered his mistake and dismounted, to the no small amusement of the bystanders.

FORCE OF HABIT.—The New Bedford Gazette gives an amusing instance of the force of habit. In the days of our grandfathers, there was one Joe Bowers, conspicuous above all wooers for his unremitting attention to his lady-love. By night and day, in storm or in calm, he knew but one road and that led to his mistress' home. His dog, his horse, his cat—every thing that belonged to him—went that way, and no other. Even an old pair of boots, which he threw away one night, were found the next morning kicking against her door, with the toes turned out, just as he used to wear them, having traveled two miles alone in a dark night, with no other guide than the knowledge of the road.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1834.

SPRING.—Who loves not Spring? Like many other subjects, the pomp and glory of Spring has been handled by so many writers, that its most prominent features cannot at this day be improved upon. Yet we like to cast a glance upon her as she passes, wreathed in her florid and redolent livery, and record our humble impressions. It would be an endless task to bring forth all the similes that have been attached to Spring. She has been likened to the freshness of youth, ere the midew of age had whitened along its juvenile blossoms, or the Summer of manhood thrown a more serious aspect on the lineaments of the face. She has been likened to a strong man flinging the chains of slumber from his limbs, and rising up in his original power. The bland sunshine and chilly showers of April, to the smiles and tears which mingle themselves in our sublunary cup—the first blue flower that points its chalice to the skies, and blooms beside the snow bank, to that affection which lives among the sterner aspects of life—the capricious winds to those deceptions which man often beholds—its first light, as the sun mounts over the hill tops, to the ardent youth as he launches forth upon

the tide of life, and its exit at eve, as it falls crowned with crimson glory beneath the West, to the final departure of the virtuous to the long night of death.

We, too, have our impressions on this subject. We love the vernal season. There is a power in its beauty that gives a fresh impulse to our energies and sends the purple tide of life leaping along its channels. We lay almost dormant during the reign of snows, the heavens hung in solemn drapery, and the winds piping a dreary music in our ears. Earth has not one inviting feature—we forget the wild beauty that hung around the cataract in the glen—we forget the sunny slope where the grass shone in a fadeless green—we forget the glassy lake where we launched our fragile boat—for Winter, stern Winter, comes savagely, and bids us cease our musings. But when Spring returns, these beauties one by one come back to the mind, and throw a feeling of delight over it. The leaves of the forest put forth—the willows that fringe the brook begin to look green—flowers spring forth—the songs of birds begin with the first flash of morning—the dews descend—all assume a new life and strike us with a peculiar feeling.

But amid all this glory there is something more to notice—*'April Fool'* day, and the Dutchman's *'Pos'* takes place. April Fool day, is a day according to our humble estimation, when an individual can be guilty of falsehood—absolute falsehood—and still maintain his character for veracity. Poor fellows, who are the dupes of these falsehoods. You are told your money is all falling from your pockets (when, perhaps, it had fell therefrom months ago) and on turning to ascertain, saluted with *'April Fool!* How many poor souls, in their eagerness to grasp a horse shoe in the street, are unable to hold it—probably on account of its being strongly impregnated with fire. If a shilling is picked up, ten chances to one that a string is not attached to it, and some evil genius ready to dispute your legal possession—candles are manufactured from carrots—forgery are committed upon sugars and teas, by inclosing ashes in a neat piece of paper. Flocks of the air and animals of the land appear at that time to be extremely numerous—every tree is filled with the one and the earth is literally alive with the other—but on examination, like many other dreams of life, they are all *'April Fool.'*

But *'Pos'* comes to us in a new light. Then is the time to declare hostilities against eggs. But, as an egg is a dumb, brutish thing, incapable of feeling we have had our doubts as to there being any real sin in this warfare. Where this custom originated, we are not prepared to say—but imagine among the Dutch. As we are rather partial to this day, we shall dismiss it in peace.

Again we say, we love Spring—we love the odor that floats on her gales—the music of her waters—her blue skies and soft sunshine. Her stars are mellow and bright by night, and her moonlight pure and silvery. We will keep thee while we can, and hold a vigilant watch upon thee, even until thou fliest away into the ripening arms of Summer.

Letters Containing Remittances,
Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting
the amount of Postage paid.

J. H. Reed, Hallenbecks, Ms. \$1.00; N. Colegrove, Havana, N. Y. \$1.00; G. Van Vliet, Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Graves, Willardburgh, Penn. \$0.91; B. Baldwin, & J. Van Dyck, Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; H. Richardson, Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; H. Wilber, Schagticoke, N. Y. \$2.00; L. Van Deusen, Hillsdale, N. Y. \$0.83.

SUMMARY.

There would have been no one drowned, probably, in the late disaster of the William Penn, at Philadelphia, if they who plunged in the river could have swam but a few yards. Here we see the necessity of encouraging Swimming Schools.

The Cape de Verd Islands, from recent accounts, are not likely to be threatened with famine this year. They are very grateful to the Americans.

A few weeks since, says the Lowell Journal, a man from the country called with his keg at the gravestone maker's, in this town, and asked if he kept the distillery. "Not exactly," says the man of gravestones; "Mr. ——, down the street, furnishes the subjects, and I mark them."

DIED.

In Claverack, on the 29th ult. Mr. John Jacobia, in the 55th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. Julia Morris, in the 3d year of her age, youngest child of W. B. Ludlow.

In Ghent, on the 26th ult. Mr. John Jacobia, Jr. in the 55th year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

EVERY man who has the least claim to taste, or even indulged a stanza, good or indifferent has some friend, kind enough to blazon it among the ladies and forthwith he is besieged by a battery of Albums. There is no retreating, and capitulate you must. I sat musing a day or two ago on the sad evils of Albumizing, when, who should pop into my Sanctum, but my sweet cousin, Mary. Now as I have a passion, not for the name of Mary, but for the dear little baggage, herself, I was disposed to grant any thing she might ask of me. You may guess what she wanted—a contribution for her Album, 'I screwed my courage to the sticking point,' and perpetrated the following dedication.

Dedication.

Sons and daughters of the Lyre,
Glowing with Poetic fire;
Ye who look with Prophet eye
On earth, ocean, air and sky;
Ye who make all melting words
Vassals to your thrilling chords—
Who possess the diamond key
To unlock all mystery—
Who can paint with Iris hues,
Love, that every heart imbues,
Sympathy, that pours the tear
Over sorrow's children here,
Hope, that soars on buoyant pinions
To the bright and blessed dominions,
Virtue, that shall nerve the heart
From the lov'd and good to part,
Weave, oh weave! as genius weaves,
Garlands from these spotless leaves.
Twine for Beauty's brow so fair,
Chaplets to inwreath her hair—
Twine for Age and Wisdom's head,
Wreaths to flourish when they're dead—
Wreaths for every noble feeling
Modesty would be concealing—
Wreaths for youth, its smiles and tears,
Prescient of its future years—
Wreaths for sweet and true affection
Clinging for a fond protection—
Wreaths to bind the patriot's brow,
When his cheeks with freedom glow,
Wreaths for Charity so kind,
Staying, nurturing form and mind—
Wreaths for him who breaks the chain
Slavery has forged amain—
Wreaths that time cannot destroy,
Bright, as sweet, the fond employ,
Twine for him who frees the mind
From the bands that strongest bind.

Well deserveth he the gem,
Brightest in fame's diadem,
Who shall pour the flood of science—
Show the soul its true reliance—
Lead the groping thoughts aright,
Through the shades of mental night,
To the land of light and story—
Clime of intellectual glory!

Ye who pour the tide of song,
While your glowing fancies throng—
While the spirit lyre is strung,
And your fingers o'er it flung—
Will ye, can ye, fail in duty,
Task'd by grace and wit and beauty?
No! and while these pages shine,
Radiant from the living line,
Ye shall stand reflected here,
As ye pencil, dark, or clear. F. R. H.

For the Rural Repository.

Song.

I WATCH'D for thy coming
From the dawning of day,
Till the twilight had faded
In darkness away,
And when o'er the waters
The moonbeam shone clear,
The dash of thy paddles
Came not to my ear.

But I saw thy bark glide
O'er the ocean's deep grave,
In strange stillness alone,
Borne on by the wave;
And I knew the fair form,
Which at morning it bore
O'er the treacherous billow,
Would meet me no more.

Yet I call'd thee in sadness,
And the drear rocks around,
Alone caught thy name
And re-echoed the sound;—
As if but to mock
The hopes that are fled,
And the hearts' vain repinings
That mourn for the dead.

The bright flowers are springing
Beside the lone cot—
The wild birds are singing,
But thou hearest them not—
The sweet music of nature,
With which earth is fill'd,
Brings no joy to thy heart,
Now its beatings are still'd.

The deep swelling surge—
The wild storms that sweep—
Disturb not thy rest
In the untroubled deep.
Then why should I mourn
For the spirit that's past
The ocean's rough foam
To its haven at last.

In the home of thy youth,
By the green rustling vine,
Doth not thy bright spirit
Hold communion with mine,
And whisper sweet peace
To the care-stricken breast,
That sighs but to share
Thy own dreamless rest? C. D.

Lines.

WRITTEN BY PRINCESS AMELIA, PREVIOUS TO HER DEATH
UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laugh'd and dance'd, and talk'd, and sung
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dream'd not of sorrow, care or pain;

Concluding in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.
But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance, and sing no more,
Ah, then how wretched should I be,
Were this the only world for me.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Eleventh Volume, (Second New Series.)

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 5th of June, 1834, will be issued the first number of a new volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY. On issuing proposals for the Eleventh volume (Second New Series) of the Repository, the publisher tendered his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of his publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say that no pains nor expense, consistent with a reasonable compensation for his labor, shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the Rural Repository, desirous of presenting his readers with superior original matter, and of encouraging literary talent, offers the following premiums, which he flatters himself may be considered worthy of notice by some of the writers of the day.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the best POEM (not less than forty lines) \$5.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose and will, after being decided upon, be considered the property of the publisher.

Note In all cases the articles intended for the prizes must be POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

CONDITIONS.

The RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 212 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, the contents of which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Eleventh volume, (Second New Series) will commence on the 5th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar per annum in advance or, One Dollar & Fifty Cents*, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *Note* No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 5th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. March, 1834.

Note EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Shakers' Garden Seeds,

Raised the last season, and put up in the best manner by the United Society of Shakers, at New Lebanon, just received and for sale by A. STODDARD.

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Note All Orders and Communications must be *post paid* to receive attention.